PERSEUS

AND

ANDROMEDA.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

Adorn'd with COPPER-PLATES.

——— *Risu diducere Rictum*
Auditoris ; & est quædam tamen hîc quoque Virtus.
Anon. HOR.

LONDON:

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MDCCXXX.

[Price One Shilling.]

PERSONÆ.

CEPHEUS, King of *Ethiopia*,	Mr. *Leveridge.*
PERSEUS the Son of *Jupiter* by *Danae*,	Mrs. *Barbier.*
MERCURY, — — — — —	Mr. *Legare.*
VENUS, — — — — —	Mrs. *Wright.*
CASSIOPE, Queen of *Ethiopia*,	Mrs. *Seedo.*
ANDROMEDA, Daughter to *Cepheus*,	Mrs. *Chambers.*
MEDUSA, — — — — —	Mrs. *Wright.*
STHENO, EURIALE, *Gorgons*,	Mr. *Salway*, Mr. *Papillon.*
Two *Ethiopians*, — — —	Mr. *Thompson*, Mr. *Harrison.*
CYCLOPS, — — — —	Mr. *Hall*, Mr. *Dupré*, jun. Mr. *Legard*, Mr. *Smith*, Monſ. *St. Luce.*
AMAZONS, — — — —	Mrs. *Cantrel*, Mrs. *Legare*, Mrs. *Pelling*, Mrs. *Bullock*, Miſs *Latour*, Mrs. *Ogden*, Mrs. *Hill*,
INFERNAL SPIRITS, —	Monſ. *Sallé*, Monſ. *Poitier*, Monſ. *Dupré*, Mr. *Pelling*, Mr. *Newhouſe*, Mr. *Lanyon.*

The Followers of Cepheus, *Loves, Graces and Sports.*

SCENE in *Ethiopia.*

COMIC

COMIC PARTS.

A *Spaniſh* Merchant, Father to *Colombine.*	Monſ. *Nivelon.*
A *Petit-Maitre*, in Love with *Colombine.*	Monſ. *Poictier.*
Harlequin, a Wizard, alſo in Love with *Colombine*,	Mr. *Lunn.*
Colombine, Daughter to the *Spaniſh* Merchant,	Mrs. *Younger.*
Valet de Chambre to the Petit-Maitre,	Mr. *Ray.*
A *Spaniard*, Servant to the Merchant,	Mr. *Hippiſley.*

Conſtable, Hay-makers, Poſſe, *&c.*

ARGU-

ARGUMENT.

PERSEUS *was the Son of* Jupiter *by* Danae, *whom he deceived under the Form of a Shower of Gold.* Acrisius, *the Father of* Danae, *exposed her and her Son* Perseus *in a Chest on the Sea, for fear of a Prediction* (*which* Perseus *afterwards fulfill'd*) *that he should be slain by his Grandson; but the Lady and her Son were, notwithstanding, by the Care of* Jupiter *preserved. When* Perseus *came of Age, he was presented by* Mercury *with a Falchion and Pair of Wings, by* Minerva *with the celebrated Shield* Ægis: *And thus equipp'd and mounted on* Pegasus, *he set out in quest of Adventures. His first was against the* Gorgons, *whom he overcame; and cutting off the Head of* Medusa, *which had the miraculous Property of turning whoever look'd on it into Stone, he placed it on his Shield, and by the Force thereof transformed* Atlas *into a Rock. After this Atchievement, flying to the* Ethiopian *Shore, he there found* Andromeda *naked, and chained to a Rock by the Sea-side. This Lady was the Daughter of* Cepheus *King of* Ethiopia *by* Cassiope, *who having been imprudent enough*

to

ARGUMENT.

to rival the Nymphs in Beauty, they in Revenge cauſed her Daughter Andromeda *to be thus bound and expoſed to the Fury of a Sea-Monſter; her Father and Mother at the Time of* Perſeus's *Arrival were ſtanding by her, deploring their Misfortunes: The Hero after hearing her Story, promiſed, on Condition of her becoming his Wife, to releaſe her: But while they were ſpeaking, the Monſter with a prodigious roaring and laſhing the Waves with his Tail, approached the Shore:* Perſeus *immediately attack'd him, and a moſt terrible Combat enſued; but at laſt he ſlew the Monſter, and delivered the Lady. The joyful Parents performed their Promiſe of giving him their Daughter; and the Marriage of* Perſeus *and* Andromeda *being ſolemnized with the utmoſt Magnificence, they reſigned to him their Kingdom.*

PERSEUS AND *ANDROMEDA.*

SCENE, *The Gardens of* Cepheus.

CEPHEUS, CASSIOPE, ANDROMEDA, *Attendants.*

WHEN will the saving Gods
Look down with Pity on this groaning Land?
Relentless *Juno!* will thy Wrath ne'er cease?
Inexorable Queen!
Still must the fell *Medusa* range

Wide

Wide o'er my Realms with Gorgon Terrors arm'd,
And turn my gazing Subjects into Stone:
Then I in vain am call'd a King;
Soon Desolation will o'er-run my Realms,
And only breathless Statues be my Subjects.

Cass. That your dear Subjects thus you lose,
Such is the Curse of my aspiring Pride!
How happy, had I known my glorious Lot,
Nor arrogantly vied
With *Jove*'s avenging Consort.
But deep repenting Sorrow can alone
This Crime of Insolence repair.

Cep. In *Perseus*, *Jove*'s triumphant Son,
Rests all my Hope. The Warlike Youth,
Intrepid as his Sire, has sworn
To dare the curs'd *Medusa*'s Rage,
And rid my Empire of the cruel Spoiler.

And. What do I hear? O my presaging Heart!

Cep. And in Reward of this heroick Deed,
Demands our Daughter for his Bed.

And. Alas! what Woes can equal mine?
Can I survive, and see
The Lord of all my Wishes
For me to certain Death expos'd?
Forbid it Gods. O *Perseus! Perseus!*

Smiling

Smiling Venus, *Goddeſs, ſave*
The Treaſure of my Heart and Eyes:
'Tis the only Boon I crave,
Save him, and Danger I deſpiſe.

Enter an Æthiopian.

Meſſ. Fly, fly, my Lord,
E'er inſtant unavoided Death
You, and your Royal Houſe o'ertake:
Meduſa is at hand; where'er ſhe moves,
Your gazing Subjects, now no more,
But Monuments of Men, turn'd ſudden Rocks,
Mark out the Magick of her baleful Eye.
Cep. The aſſembled Gods have doom'd my Fall,
And make Prevention vain.

Cep. *Caſſ.* *And.* *Ye righteous Powers, at whoſe dread Hand*
Mercy and Rage obedient ſtand,
Arreſt a ſuffering Empire's Fate:
Behold what Victim'd Crowds have dy'd;
See we repent, forgive our Pride,
E'er Death make Pity come too late.

[Meduſa *croſſes the Stage; ſeveral Perſons turn'd into Stone.*

SCENE, *a Wood.*

Enter Perſeus *reading a Letter.*

Perſ. Welcome thou Harbinger, O lov'd *Andromeda!*
She tells me here, oft as my Dangers fill her Thoughts,
Unwonted Tremblings ſeize her Heart, and Sorrows drown her Eyes.

Charming Anguiſh,
How I languiſh
To repay this tender Woe!
From her Sorrow,
Venus *borrow*
Tears more ſoft than feather'd Snow.
Charming, &c.
[Going.

[Mercury *riſes as from Hell.*

Mer. Whence, *Perſeus*, this impetuous Haſte?
Perſ. I fly, a Land diſtreſs'd to ſave.
Mer. Immortal *Jove*, who boaſts in thee a Son,
Thy great Deſign approves,

Bids

Bids thee, by me, go on,
And ſtill by generous Acts aſſert thy Sire;
But let not Raſhneſs prompt thy Arm
To Danger unadvis'd;
Wiſdom and Heaven muſt join to guard the Hero;
All Nature is inform'd, that *Jove*
Seconds thy great Exploits.
In vain the jealous *Juno* raves,
Even Hell prepares to lend thee Aid.

Groaning Nations to redeem,
Is the Warrior's nobleſt Praiſe;
Go, and riſe fair Honour's Theme,
Fame will Trophies to thee raiſe.
Groaning, &c.

[*Several* Cyclops *enter, and Dance. Afterwards they preſent* Perſeus *with a Sword and wing'd Sandals from* Vulcan.

Cyc. For thee, immortal *Vulcan*'s Hand,
This Sword has forg'd, theſe Wings prepar'd:
Fortune and Conqueſt wait thee.

[*A Train of Warlike Nymphs form an Entry; then preſent* Perſeus *with a Diamond Shield from* Pallas.

Nym. The braveſt Warrior oft is foil'd,
Who on his ſingle Force relies.
Hop'ſt thou *Meduſa* to ſubdue,
This Shield of *Pallas* make thy Guard:
'Tis Prudence that makes ſtrong the Hero's Hand.

[*A Company of Inferuals riſe; they Dance, and then preſent* Perſeus *with a Helmet from* Pluto.

Inf. See, *Perſeus*, from the gloomy King,
Whoſe Court is Darkneſs, and whoſe Empire Shade,
This ſaving Helm I bring,
To guard thee in the dreadful Hour of Danger.
This worn, the Darkneſs of our Realms
Shall ſpread thee round, and, with a Cloud,
Hide thee from keeneſt Mortal Eye.
Hence learn, whoe'er Succeſs wou'd hope,
Secret as Night his purpos'd Act muſt vail.

An

Mer. Auſpicious Warrior, to my Care
Thy Conduct is aſſign'd.
I ſee Impatience ſparkles in thy Eye,
And thy big Heart burns for the promis'd Glory.
Per. Lead on, and be my Guide.
Lead on, to Conqueſt and to Love.

No Dangers can alarm me,
While Fame and Honour charm me,
While Beauty fires me to Renown.

The Man my Lot poſſeſſing,
Can hope no nobler Bleſſing,
Whom Love and Conqueſt doubly crown.
No Danger, &c.

[*Perſeus* and *Mercury* fly away.

Cho. *Let Heaven, Earth, and Hell unite,*
To favour the Godlike Son of Jove.

[*The* Cyclops *and Warlike Nymphs go off on different Sides, the Infernals ſink.*

Here the COMIC PARTS *begin.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *The* Gorgon's *Cave, embelliſh'd with Figures of Men and Beaſts turn'd into Stone.*

MEDUSA.

Med. Fled are thoſe Charms, that late with Pride
Swell'd up my Woman's Breaſt,
And made the Sea-God languiſh with Deſire.
My Golden Treſſes, that with Grace
In Ringlets flow'd, are now exchang'd
For Curls of hiſſing Snakes. A Sight of Horror!
Pernicious *Pallas*, ſuch thy Spleen,
To blaſt a favour'd Rival!
Yet this in Recompence is given;
Not the wing'd Bolts of *Jove*
Carry more ſwift Deſtruction than my Eyes;
Still with a Glance I kill;
What can the proudeſt Beauty more?
For this, the Gods by Turns employ
Me, and my baleful Power,
To execute their worſt Revenge.

Beauty

Beauty delighting,
All Eyes inviting,
Was my vain Glory late.

Now Looks affrighting,
Terror exciting,
Kill my Soul with Joys as great.
Beauty, &c.

[Soft Muſick without.

EURYALE, STHENO.

Eur. Ha! Whence that ſoothing Sound?
No Mortal to theſe dreary Cells
Dares make Approach, and hope to live.
Hermes! 'tis he my dreadful Aid demands.

Enter MERCURY.

My nimble God, what grateful Miſchief
Waits on your ſwift Command?
Mer. Still one unceaſing Thirſt of Rage!
Med. 'Tis from the cruel Gods I copy
Thoſe Cruelties that feaſt my Soul.
Mer. Still this becoming Fury breathe,
And know ſuch Ruin now is ripe in Fate,
As will your utmoſt Rancour claim.
But e'er the pleaſing Task you learn,

With

With Sleep your baleful Powers repair,
And riſe renew'd and freſh for mighty Horrors.

Sth. Reſt is our Bane, Deſtruction our Delight:
To Works of Woe we ever wake.

Mer. Permit me beſt your Strength to know,
And for your Good be counſell'd.

[Mercury *touches 'em with his Caduce.*

O hateful God, Repoſe,
Why wilt thou ſtrive to cloſe
The Eye where Envy loves to dwell?

Slumber and Night's dull Reign
Creep on my yielding Brain.
Curſe on the drowſy, potent Spell!
O hateful, &c.

[They retire to ſleep.

Mer. Perſeus advance, the Dæmons ſleep.

Enter PERSEUS.

But look not on them as you ſtrike,
For certain Death rides on their baleful View.

Per. Thy Caution I with Thanks embrace.

Mer. Adieu, and guard a Life the Gods hold dear.

Per.

Per. *Assist me Beauty, charming Maid,*
The Gods command, but Love inspires:
Thy Cause I fight, O lend thy Aid,
Redouble all the Hero's Fire.
Assist me, &c.

[Holds his Shield before his Face, and cuts off *Medusa*'s Head.

The Monster is no more:
The World is freed! O happy Arm!
Heaven's Instrument of Vengeance.

[Euryale *and* Stheno *awake at the Voice of* Perseus, *and run to the Place from whence the Sound came.*

2d *Gor.* What Voice! Ha, Hell! *Medusa* slain!
Seek out the Traitor; dreadful Vengeance wait him.

[*They seek about for* Perseus, *whom his Helmet renders invisible.*

1st. *Gor.* Where is he fled? What unknown Charm
Secures him from our Eyes?
But see, *Medusa* still in Death,
Her venom'd Powers retains!
Lo, what an Off-spring from her Blood arises!

Several frightful and fantaſtic Monſters ſpring from Meduſa's *Blood; ſome creep, ſome run, all in Search of* Perſeus.

2d. *Gor.* Dæmons, your deſtin'd Victim ſeek,
Revenge the Blood from whence you ſprung;
Revenge, revenge *Meduſa.*

MERCURY *returns.*

Mer. Avaunt, ye hideous Forms,
And ſink to loweſt Hell.
Gor. What horrid Gulphs appear!
Earth to her Center yawns; O dreadful Change!

Gorgons *and Monſters ſink.*

Mer. Danger's no more. Victorious Youth,
Now the Rewards of Glory wait you.

The Charmer waits, Deſires invite.
Per. } *Oh! that a Wiſh could ſpeed my Flight.*
Her. } *Bleſt Moments move a Lover's Pace,*
And wing me to the Fair's Embrace.
[*Perſeus* and *Mercury* fly away.

The Actions of Harlequin *continued.*

SCENE, *The Palace of* Cepheus.

CEPHEUS, CASSIOPE, *Attendants.*

Cep. Victorious *Perseus!* Gallant Youth!
Our great Deliverer comes.
E'er this, with Smiles our Royal Daughter
Her conquering Lover greets.
A rescu'd People's Love,
A Monarch's and a Father's Thanks,
Must join his generous Toils to crown.

Ten thousand Silver Trumpets sound,
The Triumphs of our Joy proclaim;
Pleasure diffuse my Realms around,
And praise a Hero dear to Fame.
Ten thousand, &c,

Enter an Ethiopian.

Eth. O cruel Heavens! disastrous Fate!
Cep. What mean these ill-tim'd Strains of Woe?
Eth. Juno, relentless in her Rage,
To our Destruction arms
The watry World.
O lost *Andromeda!*
A hideous Monster rises from the Flood,

And thou its deſtin'd Victim.
Rude Tritons iſſuing ſudden from the Deep,
Seiz'd in our Sight, and to a Rock
The trembling Princeſs bore.

Caſſ. What Horrors ſhake my Soul!

Eth. Perſeus, 'tis ſaid, will arm in her Defence;
But all, we fear, in vain.

Cep. O dire Reverſe of Fate! Is this
Your Juſtice, Gods! Can Innocence,
Can Vertue merit ſuch Diſtreſs!

Caſſ. Mine is the Crime, mine be the Puniſhment.

If Ruin muſt fall,
Gods, here point it all,
Me, only me invade;
My Death ſhould alone,
Your Vengeance attone;
O ſave the guiltleſs Maid.

If Ruin, &c.

[*Scene opens to a Proſpect of the Sea*; Andromeda *bound to a Rock. The Monſter appears.*

Caſſ. Ha, blaſted be my Eyes!
The Monſter comes. —— Is there no Reſcue?
Cep. Aſſiſt, ye righteous Gods. —— The Hero comes,
Perſeus, to her and our Relief.

[Perſeus *flies down, and fights with the Monſter.*

Cep. Perſeus o'ercomes: O mighty Joy!
Trit. Riſe, riſe, at once, ye ſwelling Waves,
O'erwhelm us and our Shame.
[*Tritons ſink.*

[*The Sea grows calm.* Perſeus *unbinds* Andromeda, *and they come forward, and ſing the following Air.*

Both. *O Tranſport, do I hold thee here!*
Per. } *Thou* { *Bleſſing* } *of my Days!*
And. } { *Guardian* }
Both. *For thee, what anxious Tumults Fear*
In my poor Heart did raiſe!
O Tranſport, &c.

Cep. Lead to the Temple ſtrait.
This Hour your Hands ſhall join.
Hymen,

Hymen, and all auſpicious Powers,
This Pair with choiceſt Bleſſings crown.

[*The Palace of* Venus *deſcends, in it the Goddeſs,* Cupid, Hymen, *the Graces, Loves and Sports.*

Ven. Mortals, your Woes have here an End,
Peace ſhall ſucceed your Cares;
For *Jove*, in Favour of his gallant Son,
Henceforth will guard the harraſs'd Land.
E'en *Juno*'s dire Reſentments ceaſe,
Cepheus, *Caſſiope* and you,
Moſt happy Pair, ſo Fate ordains,
Begin Celeſtial Joys to ſhare,
And with new Stars enrich our Heaven.

Such Change of Fate,
Such bliſsful State,
To Love and Vertue join'd you owe.

Thus Mortals riſe,
To tread the Skies,
And quit their grovelling Lot below.

[Machine aſcends.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Happy Hero, Loves surround you,
And your Bliss for ever guard:
Hymen *has with Beauty crown'd you,*
Beauty, Valour's best Reward.

[*The Subjects of* Cepheus *end with Dances, expressing their Joy.*

FINIS.